

J. Butts

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FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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THE
PRINCE OF BRITTANY,

A new Historical Novel.

He instantly draws his sword, and bidding Montauban to do the same, he commands his attendants to remain impartial spectators of the combat. It begins with mutual fury. The Prince receives a wound: the blood flows, and the attendants were going to interfere. 'Forbear, said he. I have still strength enough to pierce the bosom of my enemy.'—Their rage rekindles: Montauban is overthrown: 'I die,' said he, with a faltering voice; his friends raise him from the ground, and carry off their vanquished Lord; while the conqueror and his escort hasten to the castle to which Alicia had been conveyed.

Who can imagine the consternation of the beautiful Alicia when she beheld her lover, now sinking under a wound, which, in his impatience to fly to her, he had utterly disregarded. In the severe illness that followed, he experienced all the affecting assiduity, that unbounded tenderness could inspire. To this the noble youth,

perhaps was indebted for his recovery, and in proportion as the apprehensions of Alicia, when her lover was at the worst, had bordered upon despair, were her exulting ecstasies of expression when he was pronounced to be out of danger. 'Divine Alicia said the Prince, in one of these delicious moments, I cannot yet be restored to life, till I am permitted to call you my wife. Let us prevent the return of a kind of incessant fatality that pursues me.' If I have only a few days to live, let me at least die on the bosom of all I love. Let it be red on my tomb, *The Husband of Alicia reposes here.*

How weak must be the suggestions of prudence to the ardent solicitations of such a lover! In vain did Mademoiselle de Dinan represent to him the fatal consequences of an union, to which the Duke his brother, had not yet consented.—The Prince would listen only to the violence of his love. He assembles some of his Gentlemen to be witnesses of the ceremony, which was performed by his Chaplain. The Prince of Brittany is at last the happiest of men. He has wedded—he possesses the dearest, the most adorable of women; and Alicia, on her part, re-

joices in a husband, or rather in a lover worthy of all her love.

Montauban had experience a kind of resurrection. The thirst of vengeance had restored him to life. He was distracted by all the emotions of rage, when he learned that his happy rival was united to Alicia by ties which death alone could dissolve. Every thought, every effort of his soul, was now devoted to the destruction of the Prince.

The great object with Arthur and his partisans was to poison the weak mind of Francis with suspicions of which it was too easily susceptible; and so well did their artful insinuations succeed, that the Duke no longer regarded his brother, but as a guilty subject, whose punishment it was necessary to hasten.

It must be confessed that appearances were not very favourable to the Prince. His marriage, accomplished in some measure by violence, was represented as an outrageous defiance of the sovereign authority of his brother. His absence from the court seemed also a tacit declaration, that he intended no more to appear there. The principal head of accusation, that was urged against him in all its forms, turned upon his unbounded partiality for the English. He had been so imprudent as to send one of his Gentlemen, Thomas de Lesquen, to London, to solicit the pay-

ment of his pension, which had been for some time in arrears.—He even complained in his dispatches of the severity of his brother to him; and he more than once touched upon the scanty establishment of his household. These letters being intercepted were so many demonstrative proofs to Francis, that his brother was courting the protection of the King of England. This apprehension gave reality to all the phantoms which it pleased the artful Montauban to present to his Sovereign. He continually imagined that he saw the English invading Brittany, and tearing the ducal coronet from him to place it on the head of his brother.

The Prince, however, so far from being occupied by a single object of ambition, was sensible to no other happiness than that of possessing Alicia. 'No, would he often say to this charming wife, 'there is no happiness equal to that of loving and being beloved! One look from thee, my dear Alicia, conveys ecstasy to the inmost recesses of my heart. My soul, my whole soul is thine.'—'Ah! my Lord,' answered Alicia, 'you know that it was not the Prince of Brittany that could captivate me, but the most susceptible, the most amiable of men. Can you think is possible, however, that my happiness is diminished by continual apprehensions? Your enemies are not disarmed. The vengeance of Arthur can never be

appeased. I dread every thing. 'Dear mistress of my soul, my love is more fervant than thine — I behold nothing that encircles me, Alicia, Alicia alone engages every thought. They have reason to envy me. 'Tis supreme felicity I enjoy. Banish then these anxious apprehensions. 'Tis bliss — 'tis Heaven to be with thee.

Thus did these happy lovers cherish the sweet intoxication and illusive security of the present hour. The Prince spent with Tanguy those moments which he could devote to his dear Alicia. This faithful friend was come to visit him in his retirement at Guildo, which was one of the estates that formed the dowry of Mademoiselle de Dinan. He endeavoured in vain to inspire him with that discreet and necessary caution which we are by no means to confound with dissimulation. The Prince openly expressed his discontent, and in his invectives against the favourites, he did not spare his brother. He had sent for some skilful English archers from Normandy, with whom he exercised the bow and arrow; a diversion of which he was very fond, and which was one of the causes of his ruin. His enemy's represented these foreign archers to the Duke as so many secret emissaries, who kept up the spirit of dissension and revolt that actuated his brother. Stronger circumstances of irritation were added upon no better foundation.

The Constable, to whom the Prince had given an account of his embassy, in a very circumstantial letter, had retired dissatisfied with the Duke his nephew. He could not forbear, however, to write a letter of expostulation to him on his unnatural conduct to his brother; and while he urged every argument with the dignity of the Constable and the Uncle, he forgot not the respect which was due from the Subject to the Sovereign. This letter seemed to make a great impression on the Duke, but Montauban, Hingant, and d'Espinai, soon recovered their wonted sway. They would not appear openly to contradict a nobleman in such high credit as the count of Richmond, who could not but have a great ascendancy over his Sovereign. It being, therefore, to employ all the arts of cunning, they prevailed upon Francis to write to the Prince, and to command him to repair to court. At the same time, they contrived that anonymous should be sent to him, representing his ruin as inevitable if he complied with the invitation of his brother. The latter suffered himself to be governed by their suggestion. His letter, replete with insulting menaces, was confided to the care of Hingant, who undertook to deliver it himself at Guildo. They doubted not that all possibility of reconciliation was cut off from the unfortunate Prince; and that, on the perusal of such a letter, he would fly into the most unguarded invectives, which they

would not fail to report. The plot succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. When Hingant arrived at Guildo, he found the Prince in the midst of his English archers. He presented the letter to him: scarce had the Prince read it, than the impetuosity of his character burst forth at once; 'What! write to insult me to such a degree! Forget that I am of his own blood—that I am Prince! Yes, he shall see me again—I will fly to him—but with arms in my hand. My rightful revenue has been but too long withheld from me. The English, 'Ah! my lord,' exclaimed his wife, 'what are you saying! You mean no such thing.—' I swear to it, Madam; in the presence of these brave fellows, I swear that my brother shall not insult me with impunity. And thou', addressing himself to Hingant, 'if I consulted my just resentment, I should make thee instantly repent of thy temerity. I know that thou hast the presumption to rank thyself in the number of my enemies. I know that I did affront thee; but I offered thee the most ample reparation. If thou were not satisfied with that, speak instantly: I am ready to regard thee as the private gentleman only, and will waive every advantage of the Prince.'—Hingant answers with the most flattering expressions.—'Vile courtier,' proceeds the noble-minded, but ill-fated Prince, do not add meanness to perfidy.—

I have nothing more to say to thee. Be content with the character of informer. Let the Duke know in what manner I have received his message. Go—fail not to tell him that my resentment is unbounded.

Hingant left the apartment.—Alicia runs after him: Believe not the Prince: his desperation distracts him. I know his heart: assure the Duke that he can never forget his loyalty—his affection.—She returns to her lord: she conceals not, she cannot conceal her excessive anguish. Tanguay, Milon, and Brabrassu (these two last were attached to the Prince from his infancy) lay before him, with tears in their eyes, all that faithful servants owe to their masters—the truth. 'Ah, my lord to what a passion have you given way! You would then precipitate your own ruin—the ruin of the Princess!—Hingant, be assured, has not suffered one of your expression to escape him. He will report them to your brother, and paint them in the blackest colours. Alas! perhaps it was their wish (for of what are not the wicked capable) to involve you if possible in guilt. The Princess was right: you spoke not the sentiments of your heart.—How often have you repeated, that the Duke and your country were dear to you; and that you would shed your blood for the good of your House and of the State. It was not you that spoke—and yet they judge you from the expres-

sions you have suffered to escape you. You weep!—Yes, my friends, you see me weep. My dearest wife, forgive thy lover!—That transport of rage could proceed only from my tenderness for thee. Oh, my unhappy temper! Why cannot I subdue it? Into what dangers it involves me! Oh, my friends—my dear Alicia, I reproach myself for it a thousand times more than you can do. But the Duke—do you know that he threatens to dissolve the ties—let them take my life before they tear me from Alicia. The miscreants, how they sport with my irritable temper! How well they know me! Barbarians! they have deprived me of my brother's heart! They have given him their own ignoble and detested souls! I perceive it—I have lost him forever—I foresee the event. But, oh, my Alicia, love me still, and I will defy the utmost rigour of misfortune.—He runs to his wife—he folds her to his bosom—he bathes her with his tears: 'Ah! how wretched am I! They have forced me to blush for myself!

They take the advantage of this ingenuous sorrow. They prevail upon him to write a letter to his brother, pathetically expressive of sensibility and regret. His answers to Hingant he imputed to the violence of his love. He promised to go with his wife, to throw himself at the feet of his Sovereign and Brother, whose forgiveness he earnestly implored, and whose affection he reclaimed.

This humiliating step did not disarm the anger of Francis, whom the enemies of the Prince continued incessantly to exasperate. He did not delay to repair to the Court of Charles at Chinan. He indisposed that Monarch towards the Prince, by representing him as the most zealous friend of the King of England, and an unnatural brother, who was on the point of revolving. He mentioned the offer which Henry had made him of the sword of Constable of England; and, at length, he prevailed upon Charles to send a troop of horse to arrest him. The Duke and his base accomplices had contrived, that this stretch of authority should be exerted by the King of France in order that the prisoner might be regarded, as a state criminal.

The Duke of Brittany had left the Court of France; the Court of Richmond, displeased with his conduct towards his brother, had not been reserved in his expressions of dissatisfaction, and had even forbore no visit him. He is informed that a conspiracy has been formed against his nephew, the authors of which had found means to interest in their plan the King of France. 'He forthwith repairs to that Monarch: 'Am I rightly informed, Sire? The ruin of an unfortunate Prince is in agitation. A brother lifts up his hand against his brother, and meditates his ruin; and shall the pro-

lector of persecuted innocence, shall a King of France, countenance such odious proceedings with his sacred support ?

(*To be Continued.*)

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IT is somewhat remarkable, that a regular drama should invariably consist of five acts. Horace pronounces this to be an indispensable rule : the ancients followed it ; and the moderns have continued the practice. Necessity and expedience, which produce so much trick and artifice in the fine arts are the cause of this uniformity. The first act is introductory of the piece ; the 2d developes the intrigue ; the third abounds in the incidents which constitute the plot ; the fourth prepares for the discovery of the plot ; and the fifth is appropriated to the *denouement* or catastrophe. Nature and not caprice directs these interruptions of the dramatic action. When the subject of a tragedy is well chosen, the five acts afford the fullest opportunity for bringing forward all its advantages. Great events appear sufficiently in detail ; great interests and important characters are unfolded with ease ; the situations lead to one another ; the sentiments are not precipitated ; and the passions increase by degrees to the happiest extremity of the pathetic.

But though it appears to be agreed

that a regular drama should consist of five acts, it is difficult to decide about the number of actors who should present themselves in one scene. A play in its origin was a recitation of a simple action by one performer. But this being a most imperfect affair, two performers were soon introduced ; and then instead of a recitation, there was a dialogue. Sophocles was the first who thought of making three performers appear in one scene ; and the Greeks do not seem to have thought it prudent to advance beyond that number. The moderns, less scrupulous, have multiplied the actors of a scene to a great number ; and as confusion and ambiguity were often the result of this practice, the critics contend that a scene should never exhibit more than fourteen actors.

In an actor the principal requisites are his person, his voice, and his gesture. He ought to resemble the personage whom he represents ; and as the ear and the eye are the organs by which his sentiments and passions are to pass to his audience, his voice and his action should be as perfect as possible. Every passion has a tone of voice, an air, a manner, that are proper for it ; and even a thought and a sentiment has a peculiarity in the recitation that sets it off with the greatest lustre.

In the management of the body, the carriage of the head is a chief article of attention in the performer. When the head is too elevated it

gives an air of insolence. When it is carried too negligently it has an appearance of indolence or timidity. It is only the accomplished actor who knows how to give it its true situation.

It is the countenance, however, upon which there depends what may be called the dominion of the performer. There is no condition of the mind which it cannot express. It menaces, caresses, and supplicates: it can be sad, and gay, humble and fierce. The eyes are the index to it. Under joy they sparkle with brightness. In grief they are sunk as under a cloud. In indignation they glance with a keen vivacity; and in situations of pity they are tender and suffused with tears.

In tragedy the dramatic perfection is to multiply the distresses of the audience; and to excite their sorrow and sympathy. In comedy the object is very different. It is comic to make the spectators laugh at the expence of the distresses and ridicule of the characters represented.

The chief quality or recommendation of a dramatic piece is its conformity to nature. Every event ought to arise with ease out of its cause: the facts should be linked together in an intelligible manner; and there should be no necessity for any forced or extravagant supposition. If the piece should be faulty in these respects the attention of the audience cannot be sup-

ported, and all interest ceases. They perceive that the author was deceiving them, and he must have possessed a disordered & uncultivated imagination. It follows accordingly, that in the course of the action nothing should happen which is not founded upon the characters of the personages or upon the situation of the present moment. A profound knowledge of human nature is, of consequence, necessary to the author who would finish a complete drama. Nor can the most lively imagination, and the most divine enthusiasm, compensate the want of this knowledge.

The second quality necessary to a dramatic composition is interest. The spirit and sensibilities of the personages of the drama should be upheld and supported with great art; and nothing flat and insipid should degrade the piece. Interest may be awakened by different means. The action represented may be so great and important in itself, than the personages naturally move in the highest degree of activity. For example, the affair may refer to the best interests of a great nation. The subject may also be important from the personages who are concerned in it, who may draw attention by their rank or their characters. Incidental causes may likewise draw curiosity to a subject that is little interesting in itself. This may result from an unforeseen obstacle, from a singular intrigue, or from a remarkable event or accident.

But perhaps it is principally by the graces which flow from the happy genius of the poet, that a fable trifling in its own nature can be made to be interesting. A few fugitives from ——— embark to seek a new establishment. This story is inconsiderable and insipid; but by the management of Virgil it becomes infinitely grand and sublime and these adventures were to lay the foundation of a people who were one day to conquer the world. How many ordinary actions does the creative genius of Shakespear represent in points of view the most affecting. Common poets try to fix the attention by the complication of incidents and by intrigues. But these are very inadequate resources. They serve, indeed, to occupy the imagination, yet they leave in a total inaction the mind and the heart; and perhaps the most celebrated works of the ancients and the modern are those, in which the action or conduct is the most simple.

A third quality or requisite in a perfect drama is its unity. Its commencement should be precise; the motives of action of the characters should be easily discerned; the progression of the story should be clear; and the catastrophe should arrive at the moment when the audience wish for it. This unity is a quality so evidently necessary, that it is superfluous to insist upon it. All episodes should be avoided. Though framed with the most exquisite art,

they are an injury to the principal story, and hurt it essentially in the opinion of the most accurate judges. The most perfect productions of human wit are those where the attention from the beginning to the end is fixed upon one regular object undistracted and undisturbed by any foreign incident whatsoever. In this respect the ancient tragedies have a decided superiority over the modern. The eye is not lost in turnings and labyrinths.— They affect the heart more than the imagination. We enter into the spirit of their personages, and feel their desires, their hopes, their agitations, and their sensibilities.

X.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The *PROGRESS* of LOVE:

Communicated in a LETTER from
a YOUNG GENTLEMAN to
his FRIEND.

'Happy as I am in possessing the esteem of every one whose esteem I value, you ask me what I can possibly have met with to interrupt my peace?—Too much, my dear sir, even in my own opinion. It is not without cause that your correspondents have given you accounts of my illness. I have indeed of late lost that vivacity which you once saw me possessed of, and even that inward quiet with which I solaced myself in the moments of retirement.— But let me attempt to collect my

scattered thoughts, and account for this change. I had done so ere now, had I not flattered myself that time would have enabled me to forget those prepositions which have so much disturbed my peace.

"You may remember I spent the last evening I was in New Jersey with you in William L——'s family. My unusual dullness that evening was remarked by you all and you thought an apology might be drawn from the prospect of a speedily approaching removal from the friends and acquaintances whose society I was familiarized with. But the real cause of my distress was then in the room with us: it was Maria L—. It is now about four years since I became known in that family. From the earliest period of my acquaintance with Maria, I perceived a becoming grace in her behaviour, with a somewhat of modesty and sense in every word and action, that in a peculiar manner rendered her superior to most women I had ever seen. That bashfulness which in a country girl is the effect of no education, and in a town lady is the effect of perverted education and affected manners, was in her the genuine offspring of a mind connected with every amiable accomplishment and every endearing virtue. These were my thoughts of her on my first interview: and as I had more frequent opportunity to study her character, I found it rise with a degree of excellence I had only heard of, and believed to

exist in those days when romance was as truth, and fiction credited for revelation. Happy had it been for me if I could have viewed these charms with silent approbation: but they were too endearing not to catch the senses, and too engaging not to engage the affections. I had not long known Maria, when I perceived I had been cherishing a passion that exceeded the bounds of common esteem, and stamped the object in my mind with an indelible impression. Yet I sought not to check the growth of this attachment: I thought it favourable to my best interests as leading me to imitate those qualities which thus attracted my admiration.—

'The authority of precept (said I often fondly to myself) may awe me into obedience, but here is the engaging virtue that draws the willing mind.' Hence I sought every opportunity to be in Maria's company but such occurred seldom. You know her father's notions on this subject precluded me from often enjoying her conversation, unless in the presence of others.— This I looked on as a heavy restraint, for I thought I had somewhat to impart to her, and only wanted privacy: yet when at any time alone with that amiable woman, I was so awed into silence that my behaviour must have appeared to one of her penetration to be at least inconsistent, if not whimsically particular.

'The calm progress of my life began now to change. All hitherto had been

pleasure with me. In the former part of my life, I had been little connected with uncertainty of human happiness, or much acquainted with the woes that are inseparable from a feeling mind. The time, however, was now come when I was to know that I had sadly erred in thus clouding my future peace with the numerous anxieties of a well-meant, but ill-timed passion; a passion which could not proceed to any length without producing all that uneasiness which a man feels on the presentiment of losing a favourite object. Such was my situation. I had built my little All of earthly joys on her approbation, without considering how many unsurmountable obstacles lay in my way. My hopes were abundantly sanguine, for they were the hopes of an unexperienced youth, who had seen but the fair side of Life's progress. I bade defiance to grief and sadness, and welcomed the prospects of a successful attachment as guests that were never to leave me. In all the extravagance of my fancy, however, I never ventured to make any one the confidant of my views. Strongly as I was possessed, Reason soon told me I had erred from her paths. Hence I became more guarded in the presence of Maria: and although when speaking of her to you, I used terms of approbation, I believe you have been till now ignorant of the real state of my mind. Believe me, my dear Sir, I did not want confidence in your friendship or your judgement.—Had that been the case, I might still have kept my own secret: but I was ashamed to lessen the opinion which you bestowed on me, and which was the foundation of that friendship which you have so immutably shared with me, and which it has ever been my pride to possess. Besides, I was not ignorant of the difference of opinion which subsisted betwixt us on this subject. You was always, at least in words, an anchorite

in regard to women, and I a little more tinctured with gallantry. Perhaps the time is not far off which will determine on whose side the advantage is in point of opinion or practice.

'Such my dear sir, was the attachment I early conceived for the daughter of our worthy friend: but had I foreseen the many inconveniences it has since involved me in. I had never been proud of my discernment. I have lost my regard for every pleasurable enjoyment: my mind sinks under a grief too heavy for me to bear. Conscious as I am of my want of merit, on what can I build my hopes? Am I her equal in respect of fortune? It may be. But what fortune will deserve her esteem, and what accomplishments can procure it? If indeed she knew what I feel for her sake.—But I turn from that reflection.—She does not—must not know my assurance in deeming myself worthy of her regard.—'Tis this my dear sir, 'tis the fear of losing her, that has bereft me of happiness and every satisfaction which society can bestow. I know not how it is, but when alone I am easy.—If I go into company, I can so little sympathize with the innocent mirth of it, that my conduct must appear at least unbecoming the laws of decency & that character which I formerly held, is not insufferably rude.

In vain do I betake myself to amusements. They divert for the moment, but allow the grief to take deeper root; and never am I so truly depressed in mind, as after spending a few hours in such entertainments. Even music, that formerly employed so many leisure moments, is become disagreeable and unprofitable: for, when I touch the instrument, I fall in a style of playing plaintive and softening, suited to the disposition of my thoughts, and which but adds to the sorrow it is intended to dissipate.

With these views it is to be wondered

if I am not that gay son of careless merriment which *I* was wont to be?—No—*I* fear the days will never return when *I* could deserve the name of social companion. Grief is unfriendly to human happiness, and destructive of every comfort. It steals on my mind like some subtle poison, whose strength become irresistible in proportion to its progress. Solitude is now my only solace; & when *I* revisit your place, perhaps *I* may find some alleviation to my wretchedness in the company of the few friends whom Fortune has left me. *I* fear *I* have in the former part of my life been too happy; and now

“ Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 “ But rises in demand for her delay,
 “ And makes a scourge of past posterity.”

X.

THE HIBERNIAN MENDICANT.

PERHAPS the reader may wish to see as well as hear the petitioner. At first view you might have taken him for a Spaniard: he was tall; and if he had been a gentleman, you would have said that there was an air of dignity in his figure. He seemed very old, yet he appeared more worn by sorrow than by time. Leaning upon a thick oak stick as he took off his hat to ask for alms, his white hair streamed in the wind.

“ Health and long life to you !” said he. “ Give an old man something to help to bury him.—He is past his labour, and cannot trouble this world long any way.”

He held his hat towards us, with nothing importunate in his

manner, but rather with a look of confidence in us, mixed with habitual resignation. His thanks were,—“ Heaven bless you ! Long life and success to you ! to you and yours ! and may you never want a friend as *I* do.”

The last words were spoken low. He laid his hand upon his heart as he bowed to us, and walked slowly away. We called him back; and upon our questioning him farther, he gave the following account of himself.

“ I was bred and born—but no matter where such a one as *I* was bred and born, no more than where *I* may die, and be buried. *I*, that have neither son, nor daughter, nor kin, nor friend on the wide earth to mourn over my grave when *I* am laid in it, as *I* soon must—Well ! when it pleases God to take me *I* shall never be missed out of this world, so much as by a dog—and why should *I* ? Having never in my time done good to any—but evil—which *I* have lived to repent me of many’s the long day and night, and ever shall while *I* have sense and reason left. In my youthful days, God was too good to me : *I* had friends, and a little home of my own to go to—a pretty spot of land for a farm as you could see, with a snug cabin, and every thing complete, and all to be mine ; for *I* was the only one my father and mother had, and accordingly was made much of, too much ; for grew headsrong

upon it, and high, and thought nothing of any man, and little of any woman—but one. That one I surely did think of; and well worth thinking of she was. Beauty, they say, is all fancy: but she was a girl every man might fancy. Never was one more sought after. She was then just in her prime, and full of life and spirits; but nothing light in her behaviour—quite modest—yet obliging. She was too good for me to be thinking of, no doubt; but ‘faint heart never won fair lady,’ as I made bold to speak to Rose, for that was her name, and after a world of pains, I began to gain upon her good liking, but couldn’t get her say more than that she never *seen* the man she could fancy so well. This was a great deal from her, for she was coy, and proud like, as she had a good right to be; and besides being young, loved her little innocent pleasure, and could not *easy* be brought to give up her sway.—No fault of hers; but all very natural.—Well! I always considered she never would have held out so long, nor have been so stiff with me, had not it been for an old aunt Honour of hers—God rest her soul! One should not be talking ill of the dead—but she was more out of my way than enough; yet the cratur had no malice in her against me, only meaning her child’s good, as she called it, but mistook it, & thought to make Rose happy for some greater match than me, counting her fondness for me, which she

could not but see something of. childness, that she would soon be broke of. Now there was a party of English soldiers quartered in our town, and there was a serjeant among them that had money, and a pretty place, as they said, in his own country. He courted Rose, and the aunt favoured him. And I could never relish one another at all. He was a handsomely pretty man, but very proud, and looked upon me as dirt under his feet, because I was an Irishmen; and at every word would say, ‘*That’s an Irish bull?*’ or ‘*Do you hear Paddy’s brogue?*’—at which his fellow soldiers, being all English, would look greatly delighted. Now all this I could have taken in good part from any but him for I was not an ill-humoured fellow; but there was a spite in him. I plainly saw against me, and I could not nor would not take a word from him against me or my country, especially while Rose was by, who did not like me the worse for having a proper spirit. She little thought what would come of it.—Whilst all this was going on, her aunt Honour found to object against me, that I was wild and given to drink, both which charges were false and malicious, and I knew could come from none other than the serjeant, which enraged me more against him for speaking so *mean* behind my back—Now I knew, that though the serjeant did not drink spirits, he drank plenty of beer. Rose took it however to heart, and talked very serious up-

upon it, observing she could never think to marry a man given to drink; and that the sergeant was remarkable sober and staid, there fore most like, as her aunt Honour said to make a good husband. The words went straight to my heart, along with Rose's look—I said not a word, but wen out, resolving before I slept to take an oath against spirits of all sorts for Rose's sweet sake. That evening I fell in with some boys of the neighbours, who would have had me along with them, but I *denied myself* and them; and all I would take was one parting glass, and then made my vow in the presence of the priest forswearing spirits for two years. Then I went straight to her house to tell her what I had done, not being sensible that I was, then a little elevated with the parting glass I had taken. The first thing I noticed on going into the room was the man I least wished to see there, & least looked for at this minute: he was in high talk with the aunt, and Rose sitting on the other side of him no way strange towards him as I fancied; but that was only fancy, and effect of the liquor I had drunk, which made me see things wrong. I went up and put my head between them, asking Rose, did she know what I had been about?

(*To be continued.*)

INDIAN RELATION. A FACT.

When the Indians did not know

the Europeans, a traveller penetrated into their country, made them acquainted with firearms and sold them muskets and gunpowder. They went a hunting, and got great plenty of game; and, of course, many furs. Another traveller went thither, sometime afterwards, with ammunition; but the Indians, being, still provided, did not care to barter with the Frenchman, who invented a very odd trick, in order to sell his powder, without troubling his head with the consequence.

As the Indians are naturally curious, they were desirous of knowing how powder, which they call grain, was made in France.

The traveller made them believe, that it was sown in savannas, and that they had crops of it, as of indigo, or millet, in America.

The Missouris were pleased with the discovery, and sowed all the gunpowder which they had left, which obliged them to buy that of the Frenchman, who got a considerable quantity of beaver-skins for it, and afterwards went down the river, where M. de Tonti commanded.

The Missouris went from time to time to the savanna, to see if the powder was growing. They and placed a guard there, to hinder the wild-beasts from spoiling the field; but they soon found out the Frenchman's trick. It must be observed, that the Indians can be deceived but once, and they always remember it. Accordingly, they were resolved to be revenged upon the first Frenchman that should

come to them. Soon after the hopes of profit excited the traveler to the Missouri with goods proper for their commerce. They soon found out that the Frenchman was associated with the man who had imposed upon them: however they dissembled with the trick his predecessor had played. They gave him the public hut which was in the middle of the village, to deposit his bales in, and where they were all laid out to view. The Missouri came in, confusedly, and all those who had been foolish enough to sow gun powder, took away some goods, so the poor Frenchman was rid of all his bales at once, but without any equivalent from the Indians. He complained much of these proceedings, and laid his grievances before the great chief, who answered very gravely, that he should have justice done him, but for that purpose, he must wait for the gunpowder harvest, his subjects having sown that commodity, by the advice of his countryman; that he might believe upon the word of a sovereign, that after the harvest was over, he would order a general hunt, and that all the skins of wild beasts that would be taken, should be given him, in return for the important secret which the other Frenchman had taught them.

Casualty.—Lucy Adams, a black woman died On Thursday morning last, by taking laudanum—Coroners verdict, suicide,

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, July 4. 1812.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

—0000000000000000—
A Coroners Inquest was held on Sunday on the body of Edward A. Burnham, a seaman, to whom it appeared that the deceased came to his death in consequence of blows & wounds received on Tuesday night the 23d ult. in an affray in James-st. from some person or persons to them unknown.—And Monday morning William Mace, son of Wandle Mace, of Haverstraw 8 years old, was found drowned at the foot of Barclay street in the river, having fallen overboard on Friday the 26th ult.—A Seaman was found drowned on Sunday from on board Gun-Boat No 104 at the Horse Shoes near Sandy Hook

—0000000000000000—
Married.

On Saturday Evening last by the rev Mr Crawford, Mr Henry R Kug. to Miss Femima K. Warner, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr Lyle, Mr Joshua G Slidell. to Miss Margaret Retan.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr Broadhead, capt Thomas W Story, to Miss Abijah W Brown second daughter of Mr John Brown all of this city.

On the 27th of April, by the rev. Dr. Croper Mr. Wm G Jontes, to Miss Cornelia Herring.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev G. A. Kuiper, Mr. James Vanderpool, (of the house of Ludlum and Vanderpool) to Miss Osee Morgan, both of this place.

—0000000000000000—
Died.

At Hoboken on Sunday morning in the 21st year of her age Miss Rachel M. Waldron second daughter of the late Alexander P Waldron.

On Saturday evening last after a lingering illness, C therive Griswold, wife of Nathaniel L Griswold.

On Sunday morning last of a lingering illness, Mrs Abigail Pinkney wife of Thomas Pinkney, Esq. aged 77 years.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.*

SELECTED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

*[We invite, our readers to the perusal of
the good poetry and fine ideas contained
in the following elegant little song—and
ardently wish that its noble sentiments
may be warmly reiterated by every
American.]*

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER the glories of brave
Washington.

Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Columbia, and cold in the
grave,

He returns to his country no more.

That star of the field, which so often
has pour'd

Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each
sword.

To light us to VICTORY yet!

COLUMBIA! when nature embel-
ish'd the tint

Of thy fields, and thy mountains so
fair,

Did she ever intend that a tyrant should
print

The footstep of slavery here?

No! FREEDOM, whose cause we will
never resign,

Go tell to the nations afar,

That we and our children will bend at
thy shrine,

Or endure all the horrors of war.

Forget not the heroes, our fathers, who
stood

In the day of distress, side by side,
While the grass of the valley grew red
with the blood.

They stirr'd not, but conquer'd or died.

The sun, that now blesses our arms
with his light,

Saw them fall upon many a plain:
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves
us to-night,

To find that they fell there in vain!

OF FOLLY.

Now, to while away the hours,

Shall I tell you what befel

A Rose, the very pearl of flowers,

Who loved her charms...alas! too well.

On a verdant bank she flourished,

Hanging o'er a crystal stream;

There a numerous offspring nourished,
Time departing like a dream.

Conscious of transcendent beauty,

Her children seem'd her second pride,
She priz'd them not from love, but duty;
Her joy was gazing in the tide.

But moments tell, and all must perish,

And beauty flies on fleeting wing;
Virtue's the only charm to cherish,
She blossoms in eternal spring.

One day, looking in her mirror,

The sun was high, the wave was clear,
She saw, with starts, and throbs of terror,
A wrinkle on her leaves appear.

She daily watched, and saw her flower

Assume a sort of yellow cast,
She gazed around, and saw, each hour,
Her buds more brilliant than the last.

Belinda would her glass have broken,

But as her's braved her utmost rage,
She spoke; but words in passion spoke,
Nor sentimental are, nor sage.

'Oh, nature! harsh to pretty creatnres,
Thy choicest favours seem our bane:
The more divine our form and features,
The more intense our future pain.

Ah! what avails, that, once enchanting,
The poet has my beauties sung;
That even on Julia's charms descanting,
My name hung trembling on his tongue?

To point his flatteries, still the lover
Derived his softest blush from me:
My hues are fled, my triumphs over,
Now let him write my elegy.

Would, like the Dandelion, yonder,
A vulgar weed in meadows known,
I ne'er had bloomed the garden's yonder
Or, early nipped, had never blowd,

The tender buys around her sitting,
Who grieved to see their mother
grieved,

With gentle voice their age befitting,
Thus strove her anguish to relieve.

'Oh dear mamma! Oh, cease your
sorrow!

With patience now your loss sustain,
Your charms, though fading, ours,
to-morrow,

Will make you value life again.

See the coeval friends you cherish,

They, too, begin to lose their bloom,
With you they blew, with you they per-
ish,

Would you alone survive the doom?
Still are your sweets a store of plea-
sure!—

I thought the moral suited me,
And seizing quick the withering treasure
Embalmed her in a pot-pourrie.

ON SECRETARY CRAGGS TOMB,
By A. Pope.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul
sincere,

In action faithful and in honor clear,
Who broke no promise, serv'd no pri-
vate end;

Who gain'd no title, and who lost no
friend;

Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd;
Prais'd wept, and honored by the
manse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

BY ANOTHER HAND

Statesman, no friend to truth but black
in soul,

In action faithless, and in honor foul;
Who kept no promise, serv'd each pri-
vate end,

Who gain'd no title, and deserv'd no
friend;

Ignob'le by himself, deserv'd a rope,
Prais'd, wept, and honor'd only by

A. POPE

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